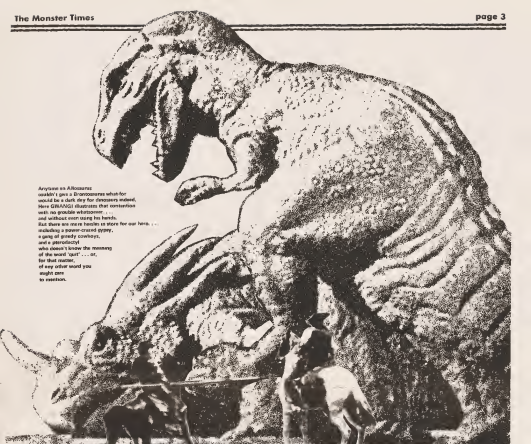


the Monster Times



...will you mind closing
at lid? was agitated
delation. "I'm trying to
at my beauty sleep!"
This eerie illustration
by Dan Frellick
...but one of many
that adorn HPL...
...deluxe magazine devoted
to H.P. Lovecraft. For
more information and
illustrations, see our
review on page 28.

Frellick
10/71



Anytime an *Allosaurus* couldn't get a *Brontosaurus* what for would be a dark day for dinosaurs indeed. Here *GWANGI* illustrates their contest with no grobble whatsoever... and without even using its hands. But there are more hands in store for our hero... including a tower-crated gypper, a gang of greedy cowboys, and a pterodactyl who doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit"... or, for that matter, of any other word you might care to mention.

THE VALLEY OF

BY
BUDDY WEISS

GWANGI

Consider the possibilities. Here you have, in one film, a Wild West show, a British paleontologist, a band of Mexican gypsies led by an elderly blind witch, an Eohippus, a pterodactyl, a Forbidden Valley, and an *Allosaurus* named GWANGI. What do they have in common, you ask?

Well, that was up to

screenwriter William E. Bast to figure out and for animation ace Ray Harryhausen to put into action... which they did. The result was an offbeat western-dinosaur epic called *THE VALLEY OF GWANGI*, presented down to the last stirring detail herewith by our own *Allosaurus* expert Buddy Weiss...

The year was 1912. Gypsy leader Carlos Dos Omos stood staring at his dying brother who lay near the entrance to the Forbidden Valley in a remote section of Mexico. As he watched the death throes of his brother, though, his train of thought ran down different rails. In his head he held a hushup bag containing a tiny struggling animal. He was about to leave the valley with it when the blind gypsy witch Ta Zorisa

approached him.

"If you take that animal from this valley," she warned him, "you too shall pay as your brother did."

Carlos snorted.

"You're an old superstitious fool," he binned. "This animal will make me one of the richest men in the world."

With a gleeful look crossing his swarthy face, Carlos rode off to start earning the fortune he'd so long dreamed



Gypsy leader Carlos Dos Orsos fights off attackers who are trying to steal a tiny straggling animal that rapidly belongs to him. After all, it was he who stole it from his dying location.

of, while the wise old gypsy thought of the inevitable terror that would soon be unleashed on that unsuspecting village.

Meanwhile, in the middle of that very village, another man, Tuck Kirby, watched as T.J. Beckenridge and her Wild West Show entered town. Watching the colorful procession, he couldn't help remembering about the time he had once spent with the show... and with the pretty T.J.

"I was probably a fool for not carrying her while I had the chance," Tuck thought, "but that's life, I guess. Well, let me attend to business and then get outta here before I'm tempted to see T.J. again."

As Tuck wandered down the street, he swore he spotted a familiar face. Upon closer inspection, Tuck knew he was not mistaken.

"It can't be, but... wait a minute. Champ. Champ!"

Champ Connor, T.J.'s show manager, turned towards the caller but was not at all happy when he saw who it was. "Tuck Kirby," he nodded. "Where in blazes did you come from and what do you want here?"

"Now, Champ," spoke Tuck disarmingly, "what happened between me and T.J. was way in the past. You still can't be sure at me. Look, you wouldn't mind if I just said hello to her before I left?"

Champ looked at him silently. "Of course, I'd mind... but there doesn't seem to be too much I can do to stop you."

With that, Tuck headed for T.J.'s tent. As T.J. caught sight of Tuck entering her tent, her reaction was slightly more aggravated than Champ's. A peep of poultry came hurtling at Kirby, and narrowly missed something else in the face.

Tuck greeted T.J. with a very smile. "Now, now, my dear," he grinned, "is that any way to treat an old friend?"

"Oh, so now we're friends again? Get out of here! I never want to see you again!"

"Come on, T.J.," Tuck said, "I just came here to make you an offer you can't refuse for Orsco the Wonder Horse. Buffalo Bill thinks he can use him for his act and, besides, I know you're not making enough money to pay your feed bill."

"That's where you're wrong," T.J. told him. "Next week in Villavona I'll have the greatest act there ever was. Now please just leave me alone."

"I'm going, sweetheart, but I'll be back to see that great act of yours."

As Tuck was riding through the plains, he kept wondering about that new act T.J. was talking about. His thoughts were rarely interrupted, however, when he spotted an old man lying on the ground.

"Hey," asked Tuck, dismounting, "are

you alright?"

"Yes," responded the old man. "I think so. My mate there me. Could you possibly give me a ride back to my camp?"

"Sure," and Tuck agreeably, "let me help you up."

A short time later at the man's campsite, he and Tuck got into a discussion that was very interesting indeed.

"What in the world were you doing out there," Tuck wanted to know, "hunting for gold?"

"No, young man, hunting for bones would be more accurate. I'm a paleontologist. My name is Professor Bromley."

"And mine is Tuck Kirby, Professor. What have you been looking for anyway?"

"I've made an exciting discovery, Tuck," Prof. Bromley excited. "I have

here a frustrated print of a creature that's been extinct for over 70 million years... a small three-toed horse called an Ichtyops."

Tuck became thoughtful. "Listen," he asked, "it's not possible an animal like that could be alive today, is it?"

The professor laughed as if he owned the world, and had just been offered a

Beckenridge's test.

"Carlos," said T.J. seriously, "are you here to talk to me about the money I owe you?"

"No," Carlos stated her, "I'm only thinking of the evokers I found in the Forbidden Valley. He will make much money for the two of us. Madre de Dios! What was that?"



Tuck Kirby (shown previously) shows up to buy Orsco, the Wonder Horse from his former person, T.J. Beckenridge (in A GIGAWATT) but both men find themselves entangled in weird intrigues that were never dreamt of in either of their philosophies.

good price for it.

"Of course not, Tuck," he mused, "that would be quite impossible."

Tuck grew deadly serious.

"Hm," he wondered aloud, "I wonder."

THE RETURN OF CARLOS DOS ORSOS

The following day, as the rehearsal for the wild west show continued, Carlos Dos Orsco strode purposefully into T.J.

Just at that moment a scream from outside placed the thin walls of T.J.'s tent. Investigating, T.J. saw a half-chasing one of the village boys around the nag and the boy is unable to escape. Tuck, who has returned to see T.J., quickly rushes to the boy's rescue. He jumps over the fence, grabs the youngster, and hugs over the side just as the half's sharp, deadly horns smack wildly against the fence. T.J. runs swiftly to their aid.

"Tuck," T.J. panted, "are you hurt?"

Tuck, Carlos, T.J. and Champ look on in amazement at the captive Ichtyops. And we were equally amazed that we were able to get hold of these rare prehistoric drawings donated by Ray Henryhausen himself!



"I'm surprised you even care," said Tuck sarcastically. "Look, there is one thing you can do for me. How about letting me see that new act of yours?"

T.J. looked surprised. "I suppose if I don't show you you'll never leave me alone about it. Come with me."

T.J. led Tuck to a tent with a very small cage inside it. The cage was completely covered by a cloth. T.J. lifted it, revealing a perfectly proportioned miniature horse... with three toes. Tuck gazed it was an Eolippus.

Later that evening, Professor Bromley viewed the little animal, identifying it beyond a shadow of a doubt as a genuine Eolippus. The problem now was to find out where it had come from.

"Tuck," stated Prof. Bromley, "we must find out the origin of this animal."

"T.J. told me that Carlos brought the horse here," Tuck volunteered. "Let's go find out from him."



Tuck organ with a British paleontologist, Prof. Bromley (LAURENCE MARSHALL), who happened to be wandering around Mexico at the time. Together they approach Tia Zorina, the gypsy witch, who refuses to divulge to them the whereabouts of the Forbidden Valley.

Prof. Bromley eyed the old gypsy thoughtfully.

"Return him, eh?" he said, an idea forming in his old but brilliant brain.

DOWN IN THE FORBIDDEN VALLEY

That evening three gypsies came to the

Breakeridge Circus to take the little horse back to the Forbidden Valley from whence it came. The professor had tipped them off as to where the animal was caged so he could trail them and thereby discover the location of the valley. Lopez, a local village boy who knew of the professor's plan, tipped off Tuck in turn, who quickly rode to the circus in an effort to stop the gypsies. As Tuck arrived, he saw the gypsies knock out Carlos Dos Ornos and make off with the Eolippus. Deciding to trail them, Tuck took off while T.J. and Champ Connors came running to Carlos' aid.

"Tuck did this to me," Carlos lied. "I saw him steal the horse." A grin spread across the face of Carlos, who knew he had just done a bad thing.

"Tuck did it?" Champ bellowed. "Oh... I'll get even with him alright!" Champ motioned to the others. "Point

me to my trusty steed, let's get after him!"

At the entrance of the Forbidden Valley, the gypsies led the little horse escape. Several yards away, and under the cover of the rocks, watched the professor and Lopez. Tuck Kirby came riding up and spotted them.

"Well, professor," Tuck greeted, "I should have known you were behind all of this."

At this point, T.J., Champ, and Carlos came riding up to join the others. Upon spying Tuck, T.J. screamed: "Till have you put us just for this, you horse thief!" Tuck responded quickly to the unfair threat.

"Now you just wait a minute, Gorgons," he spoke, "I had nothing to do with this. The gypsies brought it back here."

All of a sudden, Champ spotted the Eolippus running inside the valley.

"There goes the horse. Get him!" he shouted.

Tuck told Champ, "See! There's a whole valley in there. If part of this wall can be broken down, the horses will be able to fly through. C'mon, what are we waiting for?"

And so the party began their search into the unknown wilds of the Forbidden Valley. Tuck headed in first in hopes of finding a whole herd of the little horses, but stopped cold when a broken cry of help was heard from deep within the valley. Tuck recognized the voice—it was Lopez! Tuck looked up to see a giant pterodactyl swoop down and grab the boy, and Tuck kept from his horse onto the pterodactyl and smashed it to the ground.

As soon as Lopez has been saved from the grips of the grotesque predator, Tuck sees a small prehistoric creature resembling a plucked ostrich. It is an ornithomimus and Tuck promptly gives it chase, trying to rope it while the others offer their aid. Rounding the bend they witness the terrifying sight of the creature being picked up and voraciously destroyed by... a huge monster as big as a horse, a beast technically known as an Allosaurus and commonly called by the gypsies GWANG!

Continued on page 29



But Tuck and company find it soon enough anyway: a valley crisscrossed by howl and full of strange dangers, not the least of which is an Allosaurus the gypsies call GWANG!

The sketch shows the improved Allosaurus, who has pretty good speed for a monster his size, is hot pursuit of Tuck Kirby, the trouble-making cowboy who dared to trespass into The Valley of Gwang.

Tuck Kirby and the Professor went to talk with Carlos.

"No, I will not tell you where it came from," said Carlos, standing his ground. Never once to look a gift Eolippus in the mouth, Carlos continued: "It is my secret and mine alone. Tia Zorina and the rest of those old gypsies would laugh!"—Carlos paused to imitate the sound of laughter—"if they only knew how rich I am to become."

The professor winced. "Gypsies? Tia Zorina? Come on, Tuck, I think I know where to find what we're looking for."

Tuck and the professor arrived at the gypsy camp in search of Tia Zorina. Finding her, Prof. Bromley tried to persuade the old sage to tell what she knew of the Forbidden Valley.

"Tia Zorina, you must tell us where that horse came from... for the good of science and mankind."

"It is forbidden to speak of the valley," the wizened old woman spat. "The horse should be returned there as soon as possible to stop the curse."



Although the vampire legend has prospered in literature and legends for many years, the fang-toothed demons haven't fared quite as well in the four-color aberrations we call comic books. They've had a spotty history in the comics, alternately being persecuted from its pages and being touted as their saviours.

Comic book protagonist Jeffrey H. Wasserman examines all the aspects of vampirism in the comic book in a special presentation for all TMT readers. He covers the period of the early years of comics when vampires roamed the pages unfettered, the lean years of the 1950's and 60's when the Comics

Code Authority outlawed vampires and other related ghouls and continues throughout the lively 1970's when variations of the vampire legend returned to comic books. He even discusses Marvel's newest vampire book, **TOMB OF DRACULA**, a new comic which apparently is seeking to remain

faithful to the vampire cult.

But enough talk. Mr. Wasserman's biting critique proceeds directly, and we're sure you'll enjoy this blood-curdling article.

by JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

VAMPIRES IN THE COMICS

From the advent of the **COMICS CODE** on October 26, 1954 to February 1, 1971, the date of its first revision, vampires were expressly forbidden to appear in any magazine published by a member comics group of the **C O M I C S M A G A Z I N E ASSOCIATION**. The establishment of the code, which was demanded by the general public, was carried out by the comics companies so that they could avoid censorship from a source outside of the industry. Comics companies had to cut back on all stories involving vampires and other human deformities (along with violence and crime) in order to have their magazines distributed by the national distributors and to receive the seal of approval from the **COMICS CODE AUTHORITY**.

One final example of a story that could not be repeated after the establishment and before the revision of the **COMICS CODE** was

A depiction of a Victorian vampire at work: page from "Vampire the Vampire" by Thomas Preston Press in 11 issues in **Anthony Master's THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VAMPIRE**, one of the books chosen found on any TMT Request Reading list.



Seen here resting to prey is Spider-Man's answer to the Dracula legend, a monster called Morbius. Although he called himself a vampire, he couldn't even turn teeth from fangs in changing into a bat or becoming a diaphanous vapor. Some vampire

"Midnight Mess" from a 1953 issue of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**. (This story was reprinted in the hardcover **HORROR COMICS LIBRARY OF THE 1950's**.)

The story tells of a young man who starts to gag on a bit of food at a restaurant his girlfriend recommended to him. Said girlfriend tells him that the gags he has made are right: he is choking on blood soup and fricasseed blood clots. She continued to explain that just as normal people go to places to eat prepared food, so do modern-day vampires. This she calmly relates to him as the vampires present drive a spittoon through his neck and drink his blood... fresh from the tap! It is no wonder that the public criticized such stories.

Stories like "Midnight Mess" still cannot appear, for the revision of the **COMICS CODE** only allows vampires in the old traditional sense to appear since these ancient

Monsters compensation for his lack of traditional vampire powers with a strong mind and a weak use of hands, which he often puts to good use against that suffering superhero, Spider-Man.



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THE OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE is here! Now you can order rare and hard-to-get books about monsters, comics, pulps, fantasy and assorted bewitching black sundries.

Some of the items are for older fan enthusiasts, and some ask you to state age when purchasing. Don't be put off by the formality, the pulsating Post Office isn't.

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PORT OF PERIL by Allen St. John. One of the great masters of fantasy art. \$3.00



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previously explored in any history of the field. Thoroughly illustrated in both black-and-white and color, the book's appeal extends even to its brightly colored dust jacket. \$7.95

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SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN, introduced a world that consisted of a wide array of refugees from the old Universal-International movies. These weirdos were commanded by a vampire who was more of the old Dracula set than Morbus was; this vampire, Count Dragorin by name, could turn others into mindless slaves and become a gaseous mist or a bat at will. However, Count Dragorin parts from his similarity with the traditional vampire here. Dragorin, like Morbus, did not owe his membership in the kingdom of the dead to a love-peck from another vampire. Dragorin and his henchmen of Boris Karloff/Frankenstein monsters and Lon Chaney/Werewolves were creatures of a world whose life-style was directed from constant viewing of the horror movies of Hollywood. These creatures developed into the human deformities they were from a desire to be like the only society they knew: the celluloid world of monster movies.

Jimmy Olsen, with the aid of the Man of Steel, traced Dragorin from the Daily Planet building to his miniature world that existed in a laboratory deep beneath a graveyard. There they found the minuscule planet, defeated the invaders from the monster world and reversed its life-style by projecting to them the musical movies of the 1930's and 1940's. Instead of the horror movies that had been their sole diet.

So far, the vampires that both the Marvel and National comics groups had released were watered-down versions of the original thing. The Warren Publishing Company tried the vampire scene with a different twist. Their leading vampire character was a female appropriately named **Vampirella**.



Vampirella may be lacking in social graces, but her taste in clothes is flawless.

She premiered in her own magazine, first as the hostess to the stories within her book, and then as the star of her own series. In this series, her origin was revealed to be a planet where the inhabitants drank freely from creeks and rivers of blood just as you or I would cup water from a running mountain stream. On her own planet, Vampire was a normal girl and her need for blood was considered a necessity. On Earth, she was hardly a normal girl and her yearning for blood was deemed to be lacking in social



NO MORE VAMPIRE! (Dracula) (Vampirella)

"I pledge by the strange powers which have been raised to fight against the Inquisition, carnage, evil and greed which fills the earth in the hopes that someone my example will be an example to all men." So says Dracula's vampire, a vampire playboy in spandex gear and a warlord of the first order! We hope that comic writers and writers don't follow this Dracula's example, noted by the TMT staff as the worst comic ever produced and labeling of good as a long list of writers driven mad by the horror of it. I mean, look at that guy... he's even worse than ours!

grace, if not good manners. Here too, this was not the true vampire.

The final Dracula imitation was a strange perversion foisted on comic readers by the Dell Publishing Company. Starting in 1966 they published a comic called **ORACULA**. However, since Dell did not subscribe to the oft-times party-waist Comics Code, they could have played this Dracula rather big, replete with lots of biting and all the things that go along with it. But, instead, they chose to make this Dracula a superhero, fighting for the traditional truth, justice and the American Way. This is all rather strange, since he is described as a middle European in the original story.

ORACULA, or at least this longhoned imitation of Bram Stoker's version, didn't sell and lasted less than a dozen issues. Much to the chagrin of comic fans, however, Dracula is back with Dell in a reprinted version. Apparently they feel what didn't sell in the 60's will sell in the 70's.

With the angles of creating vampires by use of machines and from social determining already used, there did not seem to be

many other plays that could be called upon to create a new vampire. However, eleven months after the **COMICS CODE** revision, Marvel Comics decided to return to basics... to cut out all the tricks, all the gimmicky setups. The obvious train of thought was that there was a shining example of vampirism in literature that had already captured a world-wide reputation, so why not capitalize on it? After all, the **COMICS CODE** did state that the traditional vampire could be used.

ORAC'S BACK

And so, the original vampire became a comic character. With the banner screaming that **ORACULA** Lives!, Marvel released the first issue of **THE TOMB OF DRACULA**. Thunder crackles and rain pours heavily upon the darkened hills of Transylvania as Frank Drake returns to his ancestral homeland to claim his inheritance: the Castle Dracula. Paying no heed to the townspeople's warnings about venturing into the dreaded castle, Drake and friends explore the Dracula homestead. One member of the party falls through a rotten floor and comes upon a

coffin... that of Count Dracula's. Within the pine box, he finds the vampire's skeleton pinned down by a wooden stake. Inquisitive, Drake's friend removes the stake and revives the menace of Dracula.

In this adaptation of the original vampire, Count Dracula retains all his former powers that were cited in the past. Here, Bram Stoker's favorite vampire is portrayed by comic veteran Gene Colan as having a white-grey-blue complexion, a widow's peak hairline, pointed fingernails, fangs, and a thin moustache. As in the original version, Dracula shies away from crosses, silver and mirrors. Oh! Orac?



Not nearly a rest, re-awakened Dracula returned to the horror scene in Marvel's **THE TOMB OF DRACULA**, a resurrection of the Count.

also enlists followers by his inviting bite and searches out his coffin when daylight breaks. It is this latter characteristic of the average vampire on the street that results in Dracula travelling to London; for Frank Drake has sold the Dracula estate and has removed his vampire ancestor's coffin to England.

In the pages of today's comics, vampires of traditional, scientific and cultural origins now abound. They are now but one of the devices the comics industry is employing in their search for better-selling magazines. Along with relevance, word-and-sorcery, pulp characters, and mystery tales, the occult is becoming a substantial part of the comics scene.

Yes, vampires are here to stay! ■

...Vampire here to stay?...not if Baby Graham has anything to say!

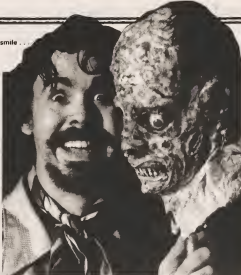


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"Please excuse my twisted smile . . ."

I only rented it for the evening."

When actor, producer and make-up maven Alan Ormsby told us he wanted to do an inside piece about monster make-ups, we told him to go ahead and do it. Following this, he went home and wrote it and came back and gave it to us. So we turned around and put it in the paper. This is only one example of the fascinating intrigues that go on behind the scenes in the publishing business; heart-pounding incidents like the above go on all the time around here. But, having neither the time, space, or inclination to go into any of them now, we will turn our attention instead to the subject at hand: Monsters and how to make them. Alan recently designed the make-ups for a slew of gory ghouls in the about to be released fright flick **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS** (which he also stars in) and wants to share his forbidden knowledge with TNT readers. So, in his own words, here's ALAN ORMSBY . . .



Author Ormsby and friend as they appear in new fright film, **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS**. Ormsby is the one on the left.

" . . . Rubber and Glue, Organs and guts, Usearily Bise And a tendon or two—**THAT'S** what little ghouls are made of!"
—Old English Make-up Man's saying

CONFESSIONS OF A MONSTER MAKER

Two of Ormsby's gory ghouls give confessions to title **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS** as they get ready to initiate some gory activities. Also designed the make-ups not only for the ghouls shown here, but for all of them . . . more than 30 altogether!





If you need to be told that the above face belongs to a monster, then you haven't been paying attention. The scarred, craggy flesh, distorted eyes, and obviously neglected teeth

(probably bad breath too!) are dead giveaways to the alert monster viewer. And a big hand goes to all MT readers who identified the creature correctly. Yes please!

recent-work of the EC group: Davis, Ingels, Wood, Evans, Craig.

ARE YOU FASCINATED BY—The classic works of make-up, from Chaney's prong-nosed Phantom to Pierce's great Frankenstein-Monster creation?

HAVE YOU SPENT HOURS—Plugging up your nose with hairpins in imitation of Chaney's masterpiece? Covering the rim of your eye with boiled egg-membrane, attempting to match Chaney's blind beggar of 'Road To Mandalay'? Mummifying your face with Karo Syrup and Kleenex? Weighing your head down with 6-lb weights? Flattening the top of your head with pounds of nose putty?



HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER

If your answer to the above questions is a solid yes, you may be on your way to becoming a monster make-up man (or an inmate at a mental hospital). What you need next is some instruction on how to apply all this grotesque enthusiasm. The best book on make-up that I know of is Vincent J.R. Keboe's **THE TECHNIQUE OF FILM AND TELEVISION MAKE-UP** (Revised Edition, \$16.50 from Hastings House Pub.). Buy it. Read it. Study it. Memorize it. It will provide you with all the practical knowledge you will need to begin. As for aesthetic considerations, here are a few general observations (All that space will permit)

Cultivate an awareness of the effects of **LIGHT** and **SHADOW**. Remember, make-up (and especially horror make-up) is **ANIMATED SCULPTURE**. Half of your work's effectiveness will be dependent on the way it is lit. Bad lighting can ruin it. Design for the lights. Consider what the source of the light will be in the scene; whether it is stationary or will move during the action. For practice, model a clay face. Turn it from side to side, up and down, under an ordinary table lamp—work with it, modelling the most effective areas. For examples of the effectiveness of light, take another look at Karloff's Frankenstein Monster... a work obviously designed to take greatest advantage of the light. You might even say that the shadows it casts are what creates its fantastic effect... that and Karloff's acting, of course. (For a review of another of Keboe's make-up texts, **PHOTOGRAPHIC MAKE-UP FOR STILLS AND MOVIES**, see **TMT 12-Ed.**)

DESIGNING YOUR DEMON

DON'T COME IN WITH TOO MANY PRECONCEIVED IDEAS—Study the actor's face before you start. Study photographs of him. Draw him in outline. Distort his features on paper, deciding which areas of his face can be used to your advantage in creating a terrifying effect. Half the job is what you do with what is **ALREADY THERE**.



A mask of a girl ghost began in the form of the humble sketch pictured here.

AIM FOR MAXIMUM EFFECT WITH THE MINIMUM OF MEANS—You don't have to have a million dollars and a bevy of assistants to create a good piece of work. **AFTER YOU'VE MADE SURE THAT NONE OF YOUR CHOSEN INGREDIENTS ARE HARMFUL IN THEIR EFFECT**, there are millions of inexpensive things you can use to create great effects. For instance, is **CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS**, we searched for an effect that would make the Ghoul's teeth look rotten. We didn't have time to build false

Continued on page 26

An early rendition of yet another of Allen's monster masks.





"FLASH... SHOULD I ZAP THEM FOR TELLING THE WORLD ABOUT US?!"

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TMT proudly presents...an interview with that Master of Suspense, Master of the Macabre, Wizard of Weird, and High Prince of Horror himself, Alfred Hitchcock. Hitch discusses the origins of his astonishing art, his views on violence, his latest flick, FRENZY, and a host of other matters of vital interest as MT media man R. Allen Leider asks, "What's it all about, Alfred?"

Alfred Hitchcock is back from a six month gig in London where he produced and directed his fifty-third picture, FRENZY. The mere mention of the name Hitchcock brings to mind THE 39 STEPS, SPELLBOUND, SHADOW OF A DOUBT, PSYCHO, THE BIRDS, and countless others. Yet, in all his pictures he has never yielded to the overplayed violence-for-violence-sake attitude that many thriller makers have adopted as a means of beefing up anemic scripts.

Hitchcock explained, "I only use explicit violence, or sex for that matter, when the story I am telling requires that to be shown. In the last film I made I had the nude figure of a girl dead pushed into a sack of potatoes. And the character in the story is required to get that body out and get from its hand a piece of incriminating evidence. In order not to

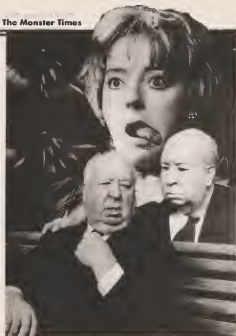
What's it all about, Alfie?

R. Allen Leider

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED HITCHCOCK

A "drip-drip-drip" visualization of a rare classic scene from PSYCHO has Martin Balsam as an ill-fated Hitchcock shot this scene for maximum shock value on behalf of an avaricious publisher on standing backwards down the stairs. PSYCHO is cited by many as being Alfred's ultimate masterpiece.





Always willing to listen to new ideas, Hitch conceals a familiar friend while scenes of road slaughter's FRENZY above seems at a loss for words. We tried to find out which was the REAL Hitchcock, but both refused to say

investigator drawing the stars to his doom, silent babes out and camera follows victim



offend anyone, I had the girl covered with a bikini made of potatoes. It was a large triangle of full size potatoes wired around her abdomen. And as he got nearer he pulled the body out of the sack of potatoes both hands were covering the breasts until he got down to the fingers that held the evidence. I went to all that trouble to avoid showing something that might be offensive and was not directly related to the point I was trying to make. In *PSYCHO* some thought the violence was excessive, but it was necessary to tell the story as well as to build the mood. All of this type of picture is a combination of story and mood. The art of telling the story's in the editing of the film. You have to cut and arrange a montage of images to produce an EMOTIONAL effect. That's why I never do whodunits. They are puzzles and lose the emotional effect I like to create. They are content, not style."

TMT: But how do you do this, say, in *FRENZY*? How do you create this emotional punch?

HITCHCOCK: Well, there is this one scene where you know who the murderer is. He picks up a girl. We have already seen him murder one girl and we know he has killed others. And he takes this girl he has just picked up to his apartment. He takes her up the stairs into the room and closes the door and he says, "You know, you're my sort of girl." I then retreat the camera away from the door, down the stairs, as though to say to the audience... I leave the rest to your imagination. And I take the camera right down the passageway, into the street and I purposely bring up the traffic noise. Then I move up and you look at the front window of his apartment. Subconsciously I hope you will say to yourself, "He's going to kill her, but no one will ever hear it."

TMT: How did you get started in films?

HITCHCOCK: I was working in the advertising department of a store. I was originally a layout man, I would paste up the pieces of the advertising copy. Then I became a junior technician, then scenario writer. My first three films showed a marked influence of the German theatre, or rather German cinema because I was working in the same studios with Murnau, Lang and Jannings. The German cinema of those days is now no longer with us. My first noteworthy film was *THE LODGER*, which was silent. It was about *JACK THE RIPPER*. There was something very fresh about making those movies... When I first went into art school I was taught that drawing a figure in outline was entirely wrong. I learned that there is no such thing as a line. Lines are shorthand. Only light and shadow exist. And I have always been very aware of the light and shadow of the scene rather than the figures themselves.



Hitch manages to squeeze a laugh out of Joan Lush, but a waiting Tony Fawcett will soon wipe that grin off her face.



TMT: Do you invest your own money in your films or do you use backers?

HITCHCOCK: I've always believed that the money from the previous film should go for the following efforts. If the previous film doesn't bring in enough, well then, there are other sources. I never invest my own money in my movies because that would be the craziest thing to do. Once you've made a film you're in the hands of sales people, publicity people. It's all very well for one to conceive an idea, make it into a film, but later on that very film, that germ of an idea which came out of your head... when it's finished you hand it over to the sales department and it becomes their film. So the next foolish thing one could do is to invest one's own money in the film.

TMT: Why did you leave television? Your show was very successful.

HITCHCOCK: I was in television for ten years. I made 273 half hour programs and 90 one hour shows. There are still playing now. If I had made any more television films I would eventually be in competition with myself. Besides, there is

no quality in television films. Or in many of the films I've seen in the cinema recently either.

TMT: What do you think about the new wave of cinema directors and filmmakers?

HITCHCOCK: I don't think they've learned the business thoroughly. I think to learn this business you've got to go back to the early silent films. A lot of these new people copy each other. They must first learn how to tell a story visually. I'm sure lots of people must be bored watching scenes with out of focus flowers or something in the foreground. All art is supposed to create emotion. This is where a lot of these new wave directors fall short. They sacrifice the story and the visual rhythm of the film for effects and gimmicks which don't convey emotion as well as the proper method would have.

TMT: Getting back to the question of violence for a minute, how do you justify the violence? I'm sure that *PSYCHO* is the best known of your films because of the violence and grisly deaths.

HITCHCOCK: That may be so, but again let me repeat that I never use blood for blood's sake. I've always preferred understatement. I have been called a ghoul. I know when an audience is going to scream and I enjoy it. But, in my own opinion, the scariest in *PSYCHO* are not my most shocking. My favorite is in *THE 39 STEPS* where Robert Donat is being entertained in a man's home and he's describing the master spy he is after. Donat says that the only thing he knows about this spy is that he has the little finger missing from the right hand. Whenupon his host holds up his hand with the little finger missing and says, "You mean the left hand." That shocks the audience rigid. THAT IS SHOCK.

So at 72 Alfred Hitchcock brings to us another in what we hope is a long series of genuine cinematic entertainments. *FRENZY* is not his greatest, but after a brief absence from the screen it is a welcome sign that the master is coming back to the medium he knows so well. ■

The Master of Suspense as he appears today. At age 72, Hitchcock plans to add more collared shirts to his already remarkable roster of films.



TMT BACK ISSUE DEPT.



No. 1, Collector's Edition (Kang, \$14), \$2. Monster premiere issue containing more on the origins of King Kong, NOSFERATU, and DER GOLEM. Also, THE GHOULES, art by Berni Wrightson and Gray Morrow, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Back Issues.



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No. 3, Giant EUGO on the March, \$1. One of the great comic books of the great big movie, THE EUGO, features in the comic, Mushroom Monsters, part two of ROMO'S SAVIOURS, and THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS by H.G. Wells. Plus a Rush Builder comic strip and a tremendous Kong centerpiece.



No. 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1. A giant review of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, features on THE PUPIL, comic book's GREEN LANTERN-GREEN ARROW, and E.C. movie, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Plus the ten crumbest horror flicks of 1973, ORACULA goes to court and Jeff Jones comic art in color.



No. 5, CREATURE, Featured, \$1. Auto-biography and centerfold of the sea and only CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Also, an exclusive interview with Joe Kubert, author-artist-editor of the new TARZAN comic, review of the STAR TREK box, ESQUIRE's new hip comics, Jeff Jones comic.



No. 6, ZOMBIES on Parade, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies, plus the ASTRO ZOMBIES and THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A feature on zombies in the comics, a review of Steve Whitely's GHOST STORIES, and a Dan Green zombie strip. Plus, a perfectly foul zombie centerpiece.



No. 7, GODZILLA, \$2. The king of the monsters gets his own comic, complete with guest features and a colorful centerpiece. The King Kong Commercial for Volkswagen, King Kong comics, the Comic Art Awards, Mushroom Monsters, Hot Prints, OARU OGMAN by Gray Morrow and more.



No. 8, HAMMER Horror, \$2. All Hammer, All Horror! An exclusive interview with Chris Lee, the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF comic strip, THE HORROR OF ORACULA filmbook, The Hammer Checklist, The Banshee of the Blast and much more. Horror galore!



No. 9, SCI-FI Speed, \$2. THIS ISLAND, EARTH, 2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, sci-fi in the comics, a Monsters centerpiece, sci-fi reviews, and... introducing THE SPACE GIANTS!



No. 10, Exclusive E.C. Comics, \$1.50. The Western revisited in an exclusive interview, California's Sride Stryker, E.C. in the movies, The E.C. Horror comic book, The Specter of Dr. Wraith and an exclusive interview with BB Gooch and Al Feldstein. And all this you wouldn't believe!



No. 11, PLANET OF THE APES, \$1. PLANET OF THE APES filmbook, exclusive Oracula interview, Neopha's Blood movie, NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, Conan the Conqueror thru the ages, Graham Gulliver's Comics Show, Tale of Wicked Willow strip, Best of the Car feature, and much more in Blood (big art).



No. 12, GORGEOUS GORDO, \$1. Second issue containing Gorgo filmbook and centerpiece, Part Two of BLOOD series, Behind The Plans of The Apes, BGM, Stanek's History of Comics and much more in a grab bag spread.



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No. 14, THE WOLFPACK, \$1. Complete WOLFPACK filmbook, Peter Gulliver interview, Gulliver's in TMT column, COMEQUET OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, Behind the Scenes of SILENT RUNNING, FRIGGS, and the debut of The Monster Song Column. Plus The People Vs. The President in mixed bag news.



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When our favorite green dinosaur heard we were doing a piece on his latest film, **GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER**, he immediately volunteered his services, maintaining that the story should be told straight from the dinosaur's mouth, so to speak. But we felt we'd get a slightly more objective view of the film from one of our other writers, Gary Gerani by name, and so we handed the

assignment to him. The Big G will just have to wait until next time...and if we hear any grunts of discontent from his corner, we might just have to lean on him a little.

by Gary Gerani

GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER

QUESTION: How does a middle-aged monster with stonish breath come to grips with today's relevant, socially-enlightened society? **ANSWER:** He starts in AIP's latest classic, **GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER**, and battles air pollution as nobly as he before...by sucking it in the mouth! Yes, monsters may come and monsters may go, but stiches can always be found, so join us as TMT covers "Mighty Mouth's" latest little war, this time against the evils of ecology.

Our story begins innocently enough as Dr. Yano (a scientist of sorts) discovers a strange tadpole-shaped creature that comes to life in polluted water. Accompanied by his son, Ken, he heads for the nearest rocky shore to investigate. Then it happens...something almost too terrible to discuss...A **MONSTROUS RED-EYED BLOB** soars out of the ocean and frightens the poor defenseless child! The good doctor surmises that Hedohah (like blob's name)



When the Smog Monster stops for a smoke, he secretly sucks his mouth to his favorite environmental and wildlife. Not only is it bad for the lungs, but it is also reported to induce mild hallucinations and promote delusions of grandeur.

is a product of man's ecological folly and may someday smelt the earth to death.

HEDORAH STINKS

Suddenly the monster turns upon the populace in a dramatic attack on two paper-mache battleships in the harbor. The vessels are destroyed and photos of the creature show it to be a giant, animated mass of garbage. To feed its rapidly-growing body, the beast now takes to the land, inhaling the poisonous smoke pouring from factories and spewing disgusting mud-balls all over the

city. In its process of development it becomes able to fly and, as it soars through the smoke-filled skies, it spreads a sulphuric acid which damages all living things, turning them into fiery, glowing optical effects.

Deeply affected by the panic about him, Ken dreams that Godzilla will come to save his city. When he awakes, he is convinced that Godzilla will help and tells his mother, Mrs. Toshie Yano, who is deeply concerned about her son's sanity.

MIGHTY MOUTH VS. SUPERSLUDGE

The young people of the city decide to hold a mass rally on Mount Fujiyama against Hedohah. While there, the monster appears to protest their action and proceeds to murder them all. But he is stopped when Godzilla finally manages to make the scene. The pair immediately engage in a mighty struggle.

Meanwhile, Dr. Yano has designed a monster machine consisting of two giant electrodes spread a good distance apart with enough power in them to send massive electrical charges across the gap and completely dehydrate any living thing trapped in that area. Ignoring the fact that Tokyo City is within the radius, the doctor desperately works to complete the weapon in time. It isn't long before the struggling behemoths find themselves between the electrodes. Godzilla finally



Hedohah's name is read as he is refaced to a mound of smoke when Dr. Yano's electrode dispenser is activated by Godzilla's rays, causing current to penetrate the smog monster's body, thereby dehydrating it.

subdues his adversary and the electric charge strikes, transforming Hedohah into a tremendous, out-and-out total "smoke."

(Hm-mm) Suddenly, out of the dried filth emerges a small Hedohah. Godzilla grabs the victim creature, breathes on it and destroys what is left of the Smog Monster. His work done and the world



Hedohah, the Smog Monster, tries to do his bit to reduce Tokyo's traffic problem but, as is usually the case with monsters, he achieves an undesirable and he efforts go unrewarded.

saved, Godzilla lumbers off to rest until the next catastrophe.

AND NOW...A WORD FROM OUR MONSTER

As you all certainly know by now, Mr. "G" writes a continuing column for THE MONSTER TIMES, and I was fortunate enough to catch him in a good mood down here at TMT Headquarters. Believe it or not, Toho Films plans a sequel to THE SMOG MONSTER, sans Hedohah and involving a completely different pollutive pachyderm. There is no definite date for release yet, so we'll all just have to sit back and wait. Godzilla also mentioned that "Hedohah" in English means "pollution," and that SMOG's producers give the monster that name to dispense accusations that the film is far too removed from reality. "No danger of that now," said the GOOH tall the breathing dinosaur.

Well, readers, we hope that is our own unique way we have given you a clear picture of what you can expect from **GODZILLA VS. THE SMOG MONSTER**. As a final enticement, it's worth mentioning that the film is currently making the rounds with AIP's **FROGS**, which features Ray Milland being pursued to death by a horde of angry amphibians, (but you read about that in last wk...).

Well, that's ecology for you, folks! ■



The era of the pulps ended almost twenty years ago, yet the works of the great pulp writers continue to be enjoyed today by a whole new generation of readers. Such great pulp heroes as The Shadow, Doc Savage, The Avenger, The Spider and many others have been reprinted in paperbacks and are now receiving tremendous popular support all over again.

One of the most obscure of the writers, even in his heyday, was H.P. Lovecraft. He had fans, to be sure, but the group was quite small. He was all but forgotten when he died in 1937, his masterful tales of gore and horror lying dormant. Even when the pulp revival was started in the early 60's, Lovecraft was ignored. It was not until a half dozen years later that people re-discovered his writings. Today, due to this re-birth of Lovecraft fandom, his works have been adapted to fit every popular medium, and TMT correspondent Gary Brown reviews a brand new magazine on the horror master, entitled simply HPL.

*From midnight dreams, oft
erudicious,
Of indifferent Fates he speaks to
us,
Real terrors may spell our ultimate
end
He makes us shudder with his pen.
Prime mover of the Cthulhu cult,
Lore of the cosmic to the occult
On hints and glimpses he has
brought,
Veering only to peer into a vault.
Eerie situations he frequently
weaves,
Crypts must yawn as spirits leave,
Rats scorch down from limitless
heights,
And things unnamable haunt the
nights.
From dead lines of that one great
Tales, like maggots, proliferate!*

—Meade Prieson III

You have undoubtedly heard the name H.P. (Howard Phillips) Lovecraft mentioned more than once

This illustration by underground artist Richard Corben is a deftly not gut-grubbing; Neck slurping, maybe, but never gut-grubbing!



WE LOVE YOU HPL!

BY GARY BROWN



Darry Frishkin gives credence to the old, time-worn gambler's term, "snake eyes."

myths slowly began to be printed once again and his brilliance as a writer recognized. A whole new generation was finding out about H.P. Lovecraft.

Lovecraft has inspired numerous writers, had a rock group named after him, and his stories adapted into movies, television and comic books, and most of all has thrilled countless readers with his vivid writing.

In keeping with this revived interest in the works of Lovecraft, there is now a magazine out called HPL. It is a 146-page tribute to the writings and works of H.P. Lovecraft. Published by Meade and Penny Frierson, the book contains an excellent

In case you don't dig skeletons in color, here's the black and white version of a Gary Frishkin piece which adorns the covers of HPL and TMT's first page.



Here Arnold's mastery by date back cover for HPL answers the casual question, "Who's that peering in my window, who's that knocking at my door..."

Lovecraft perfectly. The crowning effort in Arnold's stunning back cover from "The Hunter of the Dark." It's enough to make you want to crawl under your blanket and never come out.

Besides spot illustrations throughout, there is a special 15-page center section of full-page drawings all based on Lovecraft's writings.



"Das more body and I'll have the whole set", snarls the Irish Arnold monster.

The nice thing about this book is that it will be useful to both the Lovecraft expert, as well as the young reader who wants to learn more about H.P.L. Marvelously put together and slickly printed, it is a book which comes highly recommended.

If reading about the mystical unknown, monsters and demons is your thing, then H.P. Lovecraft's surely should be on your reading list. To supplement that, there is no better way to learn about Lovecraft than by seeing his words come to life through the eyes of others in HPL.



NOTE: copies can be ordered for \$3 each from Meade and Penny Frierson, P.O. Box 9032, Crestline Heights, Birmingham, Alabama 35213.

late. If you are not quite sure who or what he is, don't feel bad because you are far from being alone. The fact that you are reading The Monster Times, however, proves that you should indeed take note of who he was and what he created.

Lovecraft's (1890-1937) was a semi-obscure author who wrote for Weird Tales and many of the other pulp magazines which flooded the market in the 1920's and 30's. Lovecraft wrote of the unknown and of what it brings to those who fear it. The monsters he wrote of were the most gruesome and horrifying ever created. His stories were wrapped in a world of eerie mysticism and terror, unmatched by any other author.

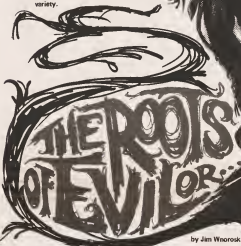
Although Lovecraft had a small, but devoted following while he was alive and writing, he was almost totally ignored and forgotten after his death and the eventual folding of the pulp market. It was not until the mid-sixties that the Lovecraft

mixture of articles, stories and illustrations based on the tales of Lovecraft.

Professional and fan writers such as Robert Bloch, Robert E. Howard, Brian Lumley, Stuart Schaff and Bill Wallace offer their memories and tributes to Lovecraft. The text material is neatly balanced, giving the reader an equal amount of fiction, fact, memory and a fine survey of current fan publications dealing in the Lovecraft cult.

The outstanding feature of the book lies in the fine illustrations which are well spaced throughout the book. Such well-known fantasy artists as Richard Corben, Tim Kirk, Darryl Frishkin, Virgil Finlay and John Alvin Richardson give us their interpretation of the Lovecraft monsters, beasts and dark horrors. The real star of this lot, however, is artist Herb Arnold, who contributes 36 separate drawings in a classic style which fits

Rock fans will remember that Frank Zappa and his Mothers of Invention once sang: "Cell any vegetable and the chances are good that the vegetable will respond to you." Well, the vegetables and other forms of plant life discussed in this article not only respond, they positively overreact. That's just the thing with vegetables—they 'em a garden and they'll take the world. Well, Jim Wnoroski puts those uppity plants back in their place in the 1st part of his 2 part article on monsters of the garden variety.



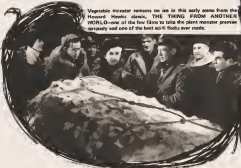
by Jim Wnoroski

Ever wonder why that mean little old lady next door religiously waters her potatoes every night and day—well it's just possible they might not be potatoes after all, but a much more deadly variety of plant life. For if we trace the history of horrible plants that have appeared over the years in fantasy films, it's easy to see why the inanimate life creeping from the ground may be the most terrible type of all.

For sheer thrilling action-adventure, Howard Hawks' **THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD** is perhaps the best interpretation of intelligent plant life ever portrayed on the screen. Coming to earth in a flying saucer, no shrub fashioned in the shape of an octopus, *The Thing* went on to astonish and almost demolish an entire

group of scientific Arctic explorers. With this power to grow back an arm or leg in seconds, the being was almost a super-veg-man that could not be killed with a gun—since, as one of the scientists puts it, it would be just like drilling small holes in the leaf of a tree.

The Thing, as portrayed by Genevieve Watson Janet Amos, was fought and finally destroyed with electricity by a bevy of Hollywood's most famous character actors, including Ken Tobey, Douglas Spencer, and Robert Connelkwaite. And aside from being one of the finest examples of vegetable horror, the film is considered by most critics to be one of the best science-fiction motion pictures ever produced.



Vegetable monster remains on ice in this early scene from the Howard Hawks drama, **THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD**. One of the few films to take the plant monster premise seriously and one of the best sci-fi flicks ever made.

So now in reverse order, we must go back the subject to the utterly ridiculous in probably two of the worst plant movies ever filmed, **NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** and **INVASION OF THE STAR CREATURES**. Now although these two monstrous mishaps were produced almost 3 years apart, they still have a wealth of things in common with each other.

Firstly, both were obviously written by minds of kindergarten drop-out intelligence since the plot lines have the same well-thought-out hardened structure as a bowl of cold Franco-American spaghetti.

Secondly, both films are well

Call out the monster....
It's the NAVY VS.
THE NIGHT MONSTERS and
look who's working
And it's not even
a war-punka plant....



populated with memorable but slightly over the top pin-up girls—with the likes of Mamie Van Doren in the former and Andrea Kay and Shelley Stevens in the latter. Nice to look at... yes, but on a garage calendar, not in a horror film.

Thirdly and gratefully last in the "great" expense the producers went through to give their pictures scientific detail. For instance, **NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** had a ridiculous looking tentacle plant constantly trying to pull the blouse off of Ms. Van Doren, while **STAR CREATURES** had two goons dressed in green flannel "plant men" suits constantly trying to pull the wool over the audience's eyes. But the most they could do was evoke a latent sense of perverted sympathy by making laughable growling sounds, pecking up

"Take me to your leader! On second thought,

maybe I'll wait until AFTER the election . . ."

paper-mache boulders, and—horror of all horrors—having the scene to stand around quietly while the producers spliced in stock footage from **ROCKY JONES**, **SPACE RANGER**. Has ever a more serious sacrifice been committed? We think not!

Getting back to a better treatment of our green-infested garden friends, science adventure director Don Siegel, who just recently completed the tremendously successful **DIRTY HARRY**, turned out one of the most famous of all plant domes in 1964 with his version of author Jack Finney's **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**.

TAKE THE BODY AND RUN

Even without the presence of ray guns or monsters, the film no doubt injected more terror into unsuspecting audiences than any other sci-fi fright film to that date. For here the main ingredients are the human reactions to the loss of emotions—their ability to laugh, cry, make love, or enjoy a glass of cold beer on a hot day. Pretty frightening, eh? Well that's what strange unearthly seed pods were doing to the population of a small suburban town. One by one the people were taken over by the mind-sucking plants until only one man was left to "steal" the tide of ever increasing horror as the pods moved ahead with plans to silently infect the entire world with their strange malady.

Dose with a minimum of special effects, **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** relied more on direction and taut plot structure for its audience appeal; and as such deeply affected a much larger and sophisticated contingent of American movie goers—not just the dyed-in-wool teenage horror flick crowd.

Today, almost sixteen years since the flick was first seen, it still commands one of the highest of all rental fees and is continually being re-run on television to the tune of consistently high ratings.

So you can see from just these few films mentioned that plants can be quite malicious when they get starring roles. Yet sometimes, in certain special cases, they have also accepted character parts as well. As in the classic **WEREWOLF OF LONDON** where Henry Hall travels to Tibet to find the mule every time the



Is this the Carrot That Conquered the World? This thing from Venus appeared in an AIP 1956 production called **IT CONQUERED THE WORLD** but, despite its title, all it actually accomplished was a small town, and it couldn't even hold onto that for very long.

One good thing about plant monsters is that they're out early light! Here a group of overcast Triffids gawk in bemusement at a simple decorated fence in his version of John Wyndham's classic, **DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS**.



moon is full.

And surely we must not forget the very rare silent horror film made in 1916, **BLACK OCHSIDS**, where the title is the only place that plant life appears.

Then there was 1964's **MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE**, in which a deadly little Martian spore was originally signed for a brief "grow-on" part. The director was so impressed with the germ's performance, however, that he let the spore kill off half the human stars before the end of the third reel, with the organism going on to become the main attraction in the film's ensuing finale. Unfortunately, the growth became typed in his role and so sadly was relegated to just playing shrubs and tumbleweeds in grade B westerns. He is now, however, awaiting a triumphant comeback as producers study **SON OF MUTINY IN OUTER SPACE** for release sometime in the near future.

Speaking of a **SON OF . . .** English director Freddie Francis is probably one of the worst offenders when it comes to re-working countless old, tired, and hackneyed plots into new, tired, and hackneyed films—and his 1964 anthology **DOCTOR TEPHROS HOUSE OF HORRORS** is no exception to the rule. The only reason we dredge it up here is because a plant story is embodied (or should it be disembodied) in the feature.

TRIFFIDS TAKE OVER

In essence, producer-writer Milton Subotsky had fun lifting sections from John Wyndham's classic novel of vegetable horror, **THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS**, and then putting it off as his own effort. Then with all the slick figure acting and first grade primer dialogue, it's no wonder audiences everywhere actually began rooting for the vile vines rather than the harnessed humans.

One would expect this to be the height of mediocrity for anyone involved, but Messrs. Francis and Subotsky were not to be outdone in poor taste at three years later they were back on the scene with the wonderfully lusty **TORTURE GARDEN**. This time the glimmer designed to lure crowds was a package of "vivare seeds" given away to each theater patron as they bought their tickets. On the cover of each packet a glaring announcement proclaimed: "Warning: you plant these lustful seeds at your own risk. What may grow . . . we just don't know!" Well our **MONSTER TIMES** product testers were brave enough to dare the deadly statement and can attest with no small amount of certainty that the seeds didn't amount to a one of beans—and neither, of course, did the film.

Returning again for a moment to serious plant motion pictures in the fantasy genre, the most obvious title to "cmp" up would have to be the 1963 British shocker THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, which is based on English sci-fi author John Wyndham's best-selling 1951 novel of the same name. And although an excellent story in book form, the film failed in many ways to equal the printed page's high standard.

Obviously inspired by a low budget, screenwriter-novelist Philip Yordan had

importantly, in the overly quick wrap-up of the story during the last reel. Without explanation, the hero's voice is heard talking over one dissolve after another—each showing elaborate special effect shots and camera set-ups. This would seem to imply that somewhere along the line the production got away from them; with the end result being a three hour film of epic magnitude. Then the job of cutting it down again to the ever popular 90 minute "double-bill" running time was obviously put into the



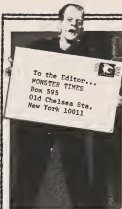
A momentary hand-off from the 0-0-0 test working out in NAVY US. THE NIGHT MONSTERS, one of the more forgettable plant pictures that was simply put in the Triffid book as cost No. 11.

to delete many of the book's finer details leaving only a skeleton of the original plot. As a result the final cut of the film is a slimmer corpse than the Triffids themselves. For one thing the producers seem to have post-filmed several sequences on a lighthouse set where a couple discover a petal way of destroying the plants. These sections bear no relation to any character found in the main body of the film however—and were never mentioned or even hinted at in the literary version. Secondly, and most

hands of incompetents. Needless to say, what may have been one of the finest sci-fi efforts ever conceived is now only shown as a shadow of its former self—and that's too bad!

Well, that's all for now... but be sure to tune in next issue for Jen's wrap-up on Horrorland's victorious vegetables. In the meantime, keep your weapons handy... you never know when men's rarely, steady plant will turn its tentacles towards YOU!

Yet another woman-hungry plant mimics the horror of DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, the British New adaptation of the sci-fi novel. Don't these monsters get enough to eat at home?



TIME, THE BLACK AND WHITE OF IT!

Dear MT Folx,

THE MONSTER TIMES is the best horror, fantasy one around. It beats C.O.F. which doesn't honor their subscribers or publish on a schedule that's worse than the L.I.R. time table and that's pretty bad.

There are a few things I would like to see in MT. How about doing more articles on recent releases as well as future ones. Most reviews of recent films also would be very nice, this way I wouldn't get stuck seeing some of the horrendous I have seen. Also it makes for good reference on directors when comparing films. I find some of the articles in MT too short, it seems I just start reading and it's over. Two examples of this are the articles on the Living Dead and The Navy vs. The Night Monsters. They would have been much better if you would have had a little more meat on them. While I'm on the subject how about a more in depth article on Night of the Living Dead. Also how about some behind the scenes look at movies both old and new. I would like to see some interviews in MT with various directors, stars, and writers, in the fantasy field.

The biggest complaint I have with your zine as well as all the other rage ones is that you are too LILY WHITE. Nowhere in your pages have I yet to see an article with a black person, or for that matter with any person of a minority group in it. I realize that not many if any fantasy movies have a minority group person as its star or co-star, but what is the reason for not having one in one of your comic strips? Are you afraid that sales will drop when word gets around that MT has a minority group person starring in one of its comics. Let's remember that WHITES aren't the only people in the U.S.

Peace,
Mark Otter

Your request for more recent reviews of horror films will soon be granted. In addition to the recent preview of BEN that we ran several issues back, Mark Evanger will soon be commencing a column on new horror films. Interviews with many of the stars in the fantasy field will also be coming up very soon, as well as a long feature on THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (we ran a short piece about it in issue number 6). See, all you have to do is ask.

As far as your castigation of us on the matter of lack of minority groups, we plead not guilty. I can't tell you how many film makers do not feature blacks, and we cannot put blacks or minorities where they aren't. As far as our comic strips, well, it never really mattered to us whether our heroes were black or white. We just let it up to the artist and whatever he drew we accepted. And, since you ask, articles which featured blacks appeared in issues one, six, nine and ten. We have a feature on BLACULA upcoming in this issue and a feature on blacks in comics upcoming soon. And check out issue four where we chided

southern distributors for not carrying issues of GREEN LANTERN AND GREEN ARROW comics because they featured blacks. And for further proof, look at our method. There's only a WASP on the staff. And that's discrimination.

RADER REVIEWS

Dear Monster Times,

Some sort of constipulations are in order since I had misgivings about the quality of MT when I first heard of it and remembered some of the other, ah, publications which have tried to cover horror/sci-fi. The quality of MT so far has been a blessing to all fantasy fans looking for a (rare) serious covering of their interest areas. Keep it up!

I read with disbelief Jan Wroble's article on the lambo state of Christopher Lee's new Dracula. At Noreascon I heard him describe it to an eager gathering and could not wait to see what sounds he'd obtain while in the American theatres. Now this... It seems as if Dracula has run into something that would horrify even him. The United States court system, I'm sure all Lee fans are amused and will watch for further developments in the hands (Meanwhile, how about some great pictures of Lee in the Hammer issue?)

Your article on TV Spacemen of the 50's entitled "Satellite Police" which was shown in the Philadelphia area (I'm not sure where else) and starred Ed Kemmer as Buck Cory. He had a ship named the Terra 5, a robot friend named Happy and fought a crystalline menace called Morax. Others I've asked whether they had seen the show came up with blank looks. Do you have any remembrance of it?

Looking forward to the issue containing stuff on Day the Earth Shook Still, one of the greatest films ever made, and more info on new films and old classics. How about more on individual Star Trek episodes and other facets?

Live long and prosper,
Manabu Rader
Southampton, Penna.

We've never heard of "Satellite Police." Manabu, but we'll see what we can dig up. As far as the new Chris Lee Dracula that you is still marled in the judicial system with no apparent release date.

MAKE HIS JAPANESE!

Dear Sirs,

I love THE MONSTER TIMES and I think it is the best monster magazine in the world. I am 12 years old and I am a Japanese monster lover. Godzilla was my favorite Japanese prehistoric monster, and Gamera was my brother's favorite one. MONSTER TIMES No. 7 was a fantastic issue of Godzilla. I hope you can print an article on Japanese monsters battling Godzilla, the three-headed monster in the movie called DESTROY ALL MONSTERS. It had eight monsters named Godzilla, Son of Godzilla, Rodan, Mothra, Spaga, Wanda, Ungaris, and Gorgosaurus who all team up against Chahrin. Please, can you also print an article on Gamera vs. Monster X for my brother. Hope you have best luck with THE MONSTER TIMES.

Shin Fu

N.Y.C.N.Y.

Glad you like us. Shin and rent assured that we'll get to all the Japanese monsters eventually. We may even be starting a series on them soon, but there are so many we hardly know where to start!

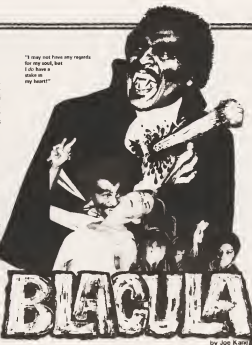
Send us so many letters, postcards, books, illustrations, bomb threats, etc. that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.

Over the years we've had animal monsters, vegetable monsters, mineral monsters, elderly monsters, teenage monsters, lady monsters, alien monsters, even hippie monsters...more monsters, in fact, than you could shake a crooked stick at. But you know what we haven't had? That's right...a **BLACK** monster. Well, all that's changed now as American-International is getting set to release the first black monster—a vampire, no less—who goes by the name of (uh-oh!) **BLACULA**, and whose anti-social antics should raise an existential snek from the lumpy throats of even the most horror-hardened fan...

The history of blacks in the horror film has been, unsurprisingly enough, a pretty ignominious one. Usually they were depicted as the voodoo-based slaves of some loathsome Fiend or as wide-eyed "comic" reliefs, ala Charlie Chan's sidekick Birmingham Brown or the East Side Kide "Sunshine Sammy" Morrison, shaking in fear before imaginary terrors and shouting, "Feets don't desert me now, or mah body's gwine to be abused!" Occasionally a black actor would find himself cast in a fairly decent role (Harry Belafonte in *THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL*, Earl Lee in Arch Oboler's *FIVE*, for example), but these were definitely the exceptions to Hollywood's racist rule. Only in George Romero's independent, Pittsburgh-based production of *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* did a black actor (Dwight Dyer) get to play the "hero" in a horror film.

With the recent rash of black films being released and scoring big boxoffice dividends, it was inevitable that a black horror film be produced. Already we have seen a surge of black films of other genres: black westerns (*BUCK AND THE PREACHER*, *THE LEGEND OF NIGGER CHARLEY*, *SOUL SOLDIER*), detective films (*SHAFT*, *SHAFT'S BIG SCORE*), *COTTON COMES TO HARLEM*, *COME BACK CHARLESTON BLUE*, Sidney Poitier's *Virgil Tibbs*

"It may not prove any regards for my soul, but I do have a stake in my heart!"



by Joe Kari

movies), documentaries (*BLACK RODEO*, *SOUL TO SOUL*), comedies (*WATERMELON MAN*), protest films (*SWEET SWEETBACK*, *THE FINAL*

COMEDOWN), so it was no surprise that a black horror film would finally hit the market. The black westerns in particular have been long overdue, since it's been



Dr. Thomas (Thurman Playmate) confronts a gay vampire (Black Matur) in a gross moment from *BLACULA*. Who said horror films aren't relevant?

Veteran character actor Elsie Cook, it returns to the screen...but not for long, as he plays a vampire actor who gets the bite of death from Kerry Louise



"bad" blacks to avoid the pitfall of casting blacks in the roles of the monsters—in this case, vampire—alone. We've already seen a Puerto Rican monster in a recent film called *THE POSSESSION* OF JOEL DELANEY, during the course of which the stray soul of a psychotic Puerto Rican decapitator infiltrates the mind of an otherwise unimpeachable honkie. Hopefully, *BLACULA* will be a better film than JOEL DELANEY, which was just plain offensive, dumb, and shrill as a week-long T-group encounter.

...AND DRACULA BEGAT BLACULA...

BLACULA opens with the real Dracula (Charles Macaulay) putting the curse of vampirism on an African Prince named Mamuwale and his wife Luva (played by



Blacula seems to be having trouble struggling out his hand on this otherwise menacing scene from the first black horror film ever. It won't be the last, however...something called *BLACKENSTEIN* is already on the way. What next, AIP? CURSE OF THE COLORED PEOPLE maybe?

William Marshall and Vonetta McGee respectively) way back in 1815...which sounds like a pretty likely way for the Count to spend his African vacation at that. Why

A CANDID CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM (BLACULA) MARSHALL

BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

William Marshall, a distinguished Shakespearean actor, has had a long and varied career. I remember him mostly for his role of Glycon, the Nubian King and friend of Victor Mature, in the spectacular sequel to *THE ROBE*, *DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS*, and for his Othello, which he has performed in both straight Elizabethan style and in an unorthodox Rhythm'n'Blues version. Marshall has a direct, easygoing manner and has a lot he wants to say...a part of which is said below.

TMT: How does an actor with such a distinguished background prepare for his first vampire role?

estimated that roughly 30% of the real cowboys were, in fact, black. Actually, a few black Grade B westerns were produced on shoeing budgets as far back as the late 30's and early 40's, but, with titles like *BRONZE BUCKAROOS* and *HARLEM RIDES THE RANGE*, it was obvious that these were not designed to make serious statements about the role that blacks played in the "winning" of the West.

Many of the recent black films have been written and/or directed by blacks (Christopher St. John's *TOP OF THE HEAP*, Gordon Parks' *SHAFT*, Melvin Van Peebles' *SWEET SWEETBACK* and *WATERMELON MAN*, Poitier's *BUCK AND THE PREACHER*, among others) and *BLACULA* too shares this distinction. The film is yet another product of the prolific American-International (who else?) film factory and it is careful, by the way to balance "good" blacks with

were the African Prince and Princess cursed with the dread affliction? Because, according to scriptwriters Jones, Turner, and Raymond Koenig, they were uppity enough to ask the visiting Prince of Darkness to sign a petition calling for the abolition of slavery! Apparently, the Undead One's social conscience isn't worth the warped mind it's buried in and Dracula seems as anxious as anyone to keep the African upstarts in their place.

Through the usual plot machinations, however, BLACULA (nee Mumanwede) and his spouse are revived, the better they might run amok through the streets of Los Angeles, a city like Tokyo and New York, that has over the years witnessed more than its share of unearthly urban problems. To put a little low-key contemporary icing on the "topical" cake, the film has BLACULA being accidentally resurrected by an unwitting pair of gay interior decorators (Rick Metzler and Ted Harris) who are quickly initiated into the fearful fraternity of the Undead. As the film flies on, Blac seeks to recruit still more members, including a number of blacks, in an admirable attempt to integrate previously pale white ranks of Vampirism.

In pursuit of the bloodthirsty BLACULA are black doctor Gordon Thomas (Thomas Randolph, last seen in COOL BREEZE where, you might remember, he hit The Man where it hurt—in the diamonds) and white homicide detective Jack Peters (Gordon Funsit). BLACULA leads them on a chaotic chase in and around the City of Smog until he finally falls prey to the usual dramatic fate. To tell you more about the details of the film would be unfair, we think, as we might very well ruin it for you. And since AIP does that chore so well themselves, we'd just as soon leave it to them.

COOK COMES BACK!

Suffice it to say that BLACULA packs a lot of bloodletting and suspense into its 92 minutes and, if the film does well at the boxoffice, we can expect countless sequels and variations on the integrated horror film. BLACULA, for those who

care, also marks the return of veteran character actor Elsha Cook, Jr. to the screen. Elsha, who's been bumped off in an imaginative variety of ways in horror films like VOODOO ISLAND and the BLACK ZOO and in gangster flicks such as THE MALTESE FALCON and Stanley Kubrick's THE KILLING, plays the part of a hook-handed monger attendant named Sam and is done

funky, Mr. Arkoff. Very funky indeed.

We at TMT haven't seen BLACULA yet and although a minor detail of this nature would

A devoted husband and good provider, BLACULA keeps home the bones after leaving the encounter with a hideous live widow.



in this time by the fatal bite of Juanita Jones (Ketty Lester)... a black lady cabdriver who's been transformed by Bacula into a plague-carrying member of the League of the Living Dead. Very



Back in his BLACULA uniform, Marshall goes a healthy grin that is anything but friendly.

MARSHALL: Type-casting only hurts you if the people in your business believe it. The people in my business know me, so I am not worried. As for what the press and portions of the public think, well, there are always a number of people who see you only in terms of one role. Some think of me only as Othello.

TMT: I understand that you also teach.

MARSHALL: That's right. I teach Drama in several universities around the country.

TMT: Do you believe in vampires and such things?

MARSHALL: I think that all people believe in something supernatural even if they don't want to admit it. We discussed the question on the set and it was amazing to find that a large number of people involved with the making of this picture admitted that they would like to

not normally stop us from praising or condemning the film "out of hand," this time we will hold fast and reserve our judgment until such time as we do see it. The Count Dracula Society has seen it, though, and according to them, "BLACULA is the most horrifying film of the decade," and they ought to know from vampires, right? BLACULA, by the way, was filmed as Deluxe Color and directed by William Crain, with music composed and conducted by Gene Page.

BLACULA, the first black vampire, should be drawing his cape and baring his fangs any day now in theaters all throughout the country. The times they are a-changin', alright. We as TMT applaud this attempt at relevance and look forward to that day destined to dawn on the golden horizon that



BLACULA puts the bite on blacks and whites alike in his noble effort to integrate the living dead, previously supplanted by people with pale complexions only.

will find every man, regardless of race, color, sex, creed, or national origin, being exploited equally. Until then...

MARSHALL: I didn't. I didn't see any of the other Dracula films, the Lugosi or Lee versions. I didn't read up on it. I was trying to show Blacula as a patriot of his nation who made a great sacrifice for what he believed in. His initial mission was to get to Count Dracula, whom he did not know was a vampire, and ask him to help in the banning of slave trade from Africa to Europe. As he turns out, Dracula is a bigot and a would-be slave trader himself. To punish Prince Mumanwede, Dracula curses him as a vampire and jealously renounces him Blacula. I tried to bring out the suffering of this noble man who sought only to help his people.

TMT: Are you afraid of being typed as a horror actor like Chris Lee and Vincent Price?

DR: (Laughs) Marshall means the press and TMT photographer Mike Bergen doing an AIP publicity luncheon held recently.



Before playing BLACULA, Marshall was noted for his portrayal of Shakespeare's Othello. He is one of the few actors ever chosen to play God, as who NBC producer of GREEN PASTURES.

be vampire and, in fact, identified with vampires. It is interesting to note that almost every civilization has had some legend about these creatures. I think there must be some basis for the belief.

TMT: What has been your favorite

role in films or theater? MARSHALL: I must have enjoyed the part of Henry Clotworthy, the first president of Haiti. I have done it on stage and would like to make a movie of his life based on the famous play. I know that one such picture is being made now, but with a white actor (Anthony Quinn-Ed.) playing the lead. I think the entertainment field has reached a point where producers and directors should let blacks play blacks and whites play whites. There are plenty of talented ethnic actors around being put out of work by ethnic imitators. This has got to stop. It's ridiculous.

TMT: Was making BLACULA an enjoyable experience?

MARSHALL: We had a lot of fun with it. However, I must admit it is a bit miserable to get into that coffin. It isn't the sort of place one wants to spend too much time, if it's not absolutely necessary. It's a bit grimy even for an actor vampire. You can't help but realize as you lie there that someday... that's going to be it!

TMT: Well, it's been a pleasure meeting you and I'm looking forward to seeing BLACULA.

MARSHALL: So am I. All I have seen of it so far are a few minutes of the rushes. I've been so busy since the shooting stopped on the film that I never got to see it fully edited.

the monster times teletype

The Monster Times

... Prints news, reviews, premiums, goss-floshes ferreted out by BILL FERET, *Monstertimes*'s answer to Rona Beret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment: films, TV, live stage, and all like that. Where other monsterpubs get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill FERET'S TELETYPE lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flick & cetera when they're still only in production. Impress friend and friend alike with inside info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Gooharootie, gang!

Dennis Patrick, recently of the Broadway Bomb, CHILREN, CHILDREN, takes the starring role in soon-to-be-released GEAR, DRAG OKILAH! The intemperate Agnes Moorhead will co-star.

Clayco Productions, also new, opens with the suspense film THE LOST WORLD OF LILBA.

Max Von Sydow has been cast in the role of Father Martin in the Warner Bros. filmization of William Peter Blatty's best-selling thriller, THE EXORCIST. Max, always in top form, should do justice to this classic of Satanic possession. Filming starts soon in Washington.

The Grand Prix award at the 1972 Melbourne, Australia Film Festival went to the 13 minute Belgian short entitled SCARABUS. "For the intensity of its fusion of macabre wit and surreal horror." If it's near shown as a trailer, be sure to catch it. ... (Let's Scariatus to death)... (a bus)

Carol "Booby-Doll" Baker will star in a Swedish production entitled SILENT HORROR. (Couldn't be her performance maybe?)



It's time for Frank to pick up a script again as he prepares for his encounter with the Monster From Hell. But don't worry, chance as he's seen it before... the script, that is.

Hammer films, though now producing a string of comedies, will continue the Tomorrow with FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL. (Let's

hope there will be a title change, that doesn't quite sound like it's up to Hammer's par) and still another Dracula-riser.

This seems to be the year of the Jekyll. Not only are we to be treated to the musicalization (planned) for the Times T.V. Special starring Kirk Douglas, but OOC AND SSSY HYDE are running

amok across the U.S., and we're to be confronted with yet another member of the clan with Herakle Production's THE NIBBLE OF DR. JEKYLL. Some previous relations have been THE SON OF MR. HYDE with Louis Hayward and THE DAUGHTER OF DR. JEKYLL with Gloria Talbot. Looks like there'll be no place to Hyde... much less Jekyll! (In Public?)

Another Italo production will be Carlo Ponti's NEST OF VIPERS with John Marley (currently starring in THE DEAD ARE ALIVE), Chris Mitchum (soon to be starring in BIG FOOT) and Louis Hayward (star of the old SON OF MR. HYDE Japan?)

There'll be an MGM production of BLOOD SONG. Dick Rambo will replace.

A newly formed company called Camera Two Productions has on the docket as their first film a little horror number titled THE SILENT SHRIEK. Filming will take place entirely in Dallas. Perhaps "Deep in the Heart of Texas" will take on a new connotation.

The unlikely couple of master-nuancier Stephen Sondheim and actor Anthony Perkins have collaborated on a screenplay to be filmed by Warner's called THE LAST OF SHEILA. Location shooting on the thriller starts in France in September.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (Frank March and Francis March) take a long, hard look at each other as a scene from the 1922 classic.

Hal Wallis and Universal have acquired rights to the Bill Branconi novel, PANIC. Robert Bloch will write the screenplay from his own novel NIGHT WORLD. MGM will produce.

SILENT RUNNING's producer, Douglas Trumbull will take the helm again on the sci-fi epic PYRAMID.

Richard Matheson, who wrote the classic NIGHT WALKER for ABC's Movie of the Week, will pen another, outlining the same story and production staff, it's called TIME KILLER and deals with a villain 120 years old.

ABC's renewed series, THE SIXTH SENSE will have Joan Crawford in a guest-starring role in an episode written especially for her intitled GEAR JOAN, WE'RE GOING TO SCARE YOU TO DEATH.

Seems there are Film Festivals abounding.

At the Stages Int'l Fantastic & Terror Festival, to be held in Spain in October, some of the entries already registered are: For the U.S., Bart I. Gordon's NECLAMANCY and Curtis Hanson's SWEET KILL from Britain comes OODMWATCH and Japan adds



CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Sept. 14	L.A. CON 39th World SF Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no dues, constant con- vention	The biggest of one of the year with most of writers in attendance and reviews.
Nov. 24-26	FAMILY FILM FANS CON PO Box 7486 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 at door \$8 if advance	72 hours of family films, Ray Bradbury, DC Fontana, Bob Bitch
Nov. 24-26	Creation '72 16 East Second St. Freeport, N.Y. 11520	Sutton Hill Hotel New York, New York	\$25 in advance for 3 days \$2 a day at door	SF, comics, films, auctions professional guests
Oct. 19-22	Triple Fan Fair and Star Trek Con 14845 Ave Aiken Park, Mich. 48101	Detroit Hilton Detroit, Michigan	\$4 at the door	Continued comic and Star Trek Con Guests from both fields, dealers, SF, and horror movies, cartoons.

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across the grand land of ours are spent and careers gathered of quarterly current events. The gatherings called "conventions," and the usual, called "fairs," deserve the attention of fans and non-fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these fan-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Orators of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoons and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for free who, like maniacs, spend time on out-of-date comics, science fiction pulp, and monster movie stuff. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 entry of Arbeny Conner (God bless know why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the top comic book artist movie serial, or today's top comic book writer and writer—or if you just want to meet other monster or comic science fiction freaks, like yourself, and learn you're not alone in the world. Or, if you want to meet the affable decorated location who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare you!

GOOZILLA VS. GIGAN AND THE VAMPIRE DOLL.

Then set for July is the Festival of Science-Fiction Films in Trieste. Some U.S. entries... SILENT RUNNING... EROTICHOOD OF SATAN... AND THEN THEY FORGOT GOD... JAYWALKER... IT'S YOUR TURN... WINDFALL FROM SPACE AND CURIOUS ALICE.

Canada edits SYNCHRONY and from France SUNS OF EASTER ISLAND. Other titles registered... THE GIRL ON THE BROOM from Czechoslovakia... Horgan's MISSION SILVER MONKEY... Bulgaria's THE MESSENGER OF THE STARS and from Yugoslavia VOYAGE 345 and HOMO ANGERS.

AND STILL MORE... from Japan THE VAMPIRE THAT COMES FROM SPACE and a British biography of ARTHUR C. CLARK... as well as a States STOP 15... where!

Back home, Paramount will be releasing the murderous A SEPARATE PLACE in September.

Shockstar Vincent Price is going places again. This time he makes the journey from THE HAUNTED PALACE to the THEATRE OF BLOOD.



Vinny Price, our contemporary Kadafi, again stars the Max Factor for his role in THEATRE OF BLOOD for Criterion Films. The role calls for an actor

to do away with all the critics who have panned his performance, and we all know the Price is right. . . for the role, I mean.



STANLEY
WILL MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL

RATS! It wasn't enough that WILLARD and BEN elevated rodents into the Horror Hall of Fame—now snakes are getting into the act in Crown International's STANLEY. Chris Robinson (actor & make-up man) who designed the BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE for Filmgroup back in '59) and

tinger-actor Steve Adams star STANLEY as the name of the sinister snake.

Other pics being issued on Spanish soil are THERE'S NO LAW IN HELL with super-villains Harry Siel and Adolfo Cell starred along with Sylvia Koscio and Woody Strode . . . as well as . . . a Peter Cushing starrer called THE INFERNAL IDOL with marvellously malicious Jack Palance, co-starred a Diane Darr, thrown in for . . . er . . . culture.

There's a new flick destined for oblivion with the delicious title WOMEN OF CANNIBAL ISLAND. However, that'll work off an appetite.

David Frost's production company, Paradise, will be filming THE HOUSE AT WORLD'S END from a script by Bryan Forbes and the excellent sci-fi novel THE LONG LOUD SILENCE.

THE MAN WITH THE TRANSPLANTED BRAIN was one of the entries shown at the San Sebastian Film Festival in Spain.

Very lovely Karin Schubert will be the very achy in WOLF WOMAN. The Italian production stars shooting in August. Raf Vallone co-stars.

And finally there's to be a tv documentary on Alan Toffler's best seller, FUTURE SHOCK with narration by Orson Welles. The prospects for the future will be brighter than ever.



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If you collect comics, you must read THE COMIC COLLECTOR. This is the world's leading magazine devoted to the hobby. Each issue contains many ads from fans & collectors from all over the country offering thousands of services for sale & trade, and you can use it to sell & trade too. If you are looking for back issues, this is the place. Each issue (which runs about 75 pages) also contains articles, artwork, and letter columns, all pertaining to the hobby. Here is your chance to buy & trade, and meet with other people who share your interest. A single copy is \$1.00, or send in for a 6-issue subscription for only \$2.00 or 8 issues for \$3.00. Or send \$7.50 for 12 issues & a free copy of THE GOLDEN AGE No. 2. THE SFCA, DEPT. MS, 9075 SW 212 ST., MIAMI, FLA. 33167.

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Two panels from BADTIME STORIES, by Gene Nightingale

Badtime Stories

Baneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bashingly brilliant book; BADTIME STORIES. Regular readers of THE MONSTER TIMES know wenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottom dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepish, circusful of ghouls and goblins, demons & fiends, and doomish demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meanness of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on BADTIME STORIES. We reviewed them in MONSTER TIMES NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the measly \$5.00 per copy we're asking (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it into THE MONSTER TIMES folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's wenching weird workshop whets my whiff-craft for his woebeque world! STORIES — copies of BADTIME STORIES at \$5.00 per copy plus \$0.4 postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to THE MONSTER TIMES BOX 595 New York, N.Y. 10011

NAME _____
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MOMO

THE MONSTER!

R. Allen
Leider

Look out, there's a monster coming! So say several inhabitants of the small town of Louisiana, Missouri, at any rate, and reports of these "UHB" (Unidentified Hairy Beast) sightings have been so numerous that even cynical newsmen are taking the situation seriously. And if the townspeople are being carried away by their imaginations, well...it's started, than being carried away by a hairy monster, at least.

The most recent in a series of UHB (Unidentified Hairy Beast) sightings which started as far back as the 1880's (in Europe) occurred recently in the small southern town of Louisiana, Mo.

About 11 miles southeast of Bowling Green, Missouri, a young pregnant housewife stood awestruck in front of a small, two-story frame house. She refused to give her name. "We're church-going people," she said. "We got no need to be, I'm not crazy and I'm not afraid of those who'll say I am, I know what I saw."

She said she had been watching the dishes the night of July 22nd and smelled "something dead." She said she went outside where she saw two balls of fire and thought one of them landed in the cow pasture. "Then we heard grunts and like a scream," she said. "We've got coyotes around here but I've heard wild dogs—bad, noisy anything like that."

One man who thinks he might know what is haunting Marcel Hill is Hayden C. Howes, founder of the International Unidentified Flying Object (UFO) Bureau based in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Howes and an assistant camped out one night on the hill hoping to record the growls of "Momo." The next morning he said, "We did not see or smell or hear anything. But from the several reports, it's apparent that something had been sighted."

The hairy legend is said to have a large, pumpkin-shaped head, glowing orange eyes and an ape-like growth of hair. It walks upright, has clawed hands and arms that reach the knees and the intelligence of a chimpanzee. According to Howes, hairy bipeds emit an odor like sulphur and react violently if disturbed by humans. He added that if Momo is not a biped, it might be a troglodyte. A troglodyte is an ancient cave-dwelling creature which, some believe, is the missing link. Howes said the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas is said to be a troglodyte.

At 3:30 p.m. on July 11th, Terry Harrison, 5, was playing in the backyard of his home when he spotted "a big, hairy thing with a dog under its arm."

Terry ran to the house and hollered for his sister, Doris, 10. Doris looked out the window and saw "a tall, black, hairy thing standing in the ditch." She then proceeded to lock the doors and

call her mother. Her father arrived home and found neither hide nor claw of the monster. But he said that the house was beaten down where the creature supposedly had been and that there were some faint footprints in the dust with black hairs around them.

Since then, the quiet Mississippi River town of 4,500 has been alive with reports of the "Monster On Marcel Hill."

WREATH BALLS OF FIRE!

When 13 of us were left when two of us left, moving east to west, all of a sudden the next yard," Harrison said. "Two moments later, we were back. One was a ball of fire, the other green, both about a foot in diameter. Then there was a loud growing sound getting louder and louder, closer and closer. My family jumped into the car and began urging me to drive off," he said.

Harrison, who worked for 21 years for the city's Board of Public Works, said his wife and daughter have moved out of the house and told him, "we are not coming back." The city has declared Marcel Hill "off limits" because of the newsmen and trigger-happy monster hunters who have flocked to the heavily wooded hill.

"I went up as the hollow looking for tracks," Harrison told newsmen at one point. "One of the tracks had four toes and one ball toe and those were tall big... about the size of bear tracks. It could be a bear," Harrison went on, "but the kids said it ran on two feet and bounces on four. I think it might be a huge ape. Some women showed me a magazine that had pictures of tracks of a huge ape that was loose near here a while ago. The tracks look a lot like the ones I found."

FISHERMAN SIGHTS BIG BLACK THING

Ellis Minor is a fisherman who spends summers in his cabin on the river.

About 8:30 p.m. on July 21st, he was sitting in front of his house alone while the rest of his family attended a fair in nearby Pleasant Hill. "My white bird dog started to growl," Minor reported. "And I shone a light, right there about 20 feet up the road. It was standing there, hair black as coal. I couldn't see its eyes or face—it had hair nearly down to its chest. As soon as I threw the light on it, it whiffed and took off fastaway. It's the first time I ever seen an ugly-looking thing like that. A person would be a damn fool to try to catch that ugly thing," the fisherman opined. "He's absolutely the damndest-looking thing I've ever seen in my life."

Spaceman, troglodyte, ape or whatever, Momo is currently big news and it is anyone's guess as to the true nature of the creature. The question being asked now is: Will they capture Momo and settle the century old mystery this time? As F.T.M. goes to press, the question about this new live monster remains unanswered.



Our real makeup man's workbench, cluttered with the accoutrements of that porcine profession. Just think: A little practice, perseverance, and Karo syrup, and suddenly it could all be yours.



Continued from page 11

teeth for all thirty of them, so we settled on a mixture of blue, red and yellow food color used as a mouthwash. Voila! It's one of the most horrifying things in the

film! Play around with some of these things: Food color, flour and water, karo syrup and kleaner, black eye-liner, even lipstick! And always remember your goal: To match the Actor's face in front of you with the Nightmare image in your head! When these two come together, you'll have your MONSTERPIECE!

CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS is slated for a New York release at just about the same time this issue hits the stands. From what we've seen so far, CHILDREN may be giving NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, another independent fright film production, a real run for its blood money. At any rate, we'll have a review of the adventures of Ormay's ogres next issue. Stay tuned...Ed



The fairly that fits together, stays together. This funny portrait from the film's preschool depicts Alvin (left), his wife Anna (center), and friends apparently spending a quiet evening at THE NEIGHBORHOOD CEMETERY.

Maybe he ain't no Mr. Wizard, but Uncle Freddy's been hard at work on a new product that should tickle the collective brain box of all those mad admen just dying to package and sell it. Unfortunately, Uncle Freddy seems to be running into some unforeseen problems. . .

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Turk spots GWANGI and decides that the group must capture the mighty monster....



... As the cowboys try to figure out some way to subdue the rearing beast....



... but GWANGI feels that he has still another enemy to face in the form of a Brontosaurus....



The battle is on, GWANGI sinks his monstrous teeth into his following foe....



... and gets some unexpected help from Turk who perches the monster's nasal appendage....



... before GWANGI delivers the finishing blow. But his troubles are far from over



... as the cowboys take advantage of the beast's terrible fatigue and rope him....



... and the giant beast becomes their captive to be carried away in defeat.

THE VALLEY OF GWANGI

Continued from page 5

As soon as he caught sight of the beast, Turk rushed back to warn the others while Gwangi followed in swift pursuit. He found the professor studying the remains of the late pterodactyl. "G'mon, Bronzley," said Turk in a breathless shout, "we've got to get out of here!"

FEET DON'T DESERT US NOW!

"Don't be silly, Turk," came Bronzley's incoherently calm reply. "I've got to make notes on this animal." Turk saw Gwangi gaining ground behind him and hastily told the engrossed agglard, "Okay, prof, have it your way."

When the professor notices the enormous, salivating creature, he changes his mind and jumps on back of Turk's horse in a strainer more befitting a bolt of lightning than an elderly intellectual. All turn tail for the high ground as the monster rages wildly through the valley. Soon the group spots another outcized



A loyal elephant attempts to fend off GWANGI's attack but is no match for the aggressive Abominable, who quickly dispatches of his opponent and seeks his revenge against his human tormentors.

beast emerging from the depths of the valley to do battle with Gwangi. The menacing monsters grapple with each other and take turns throwing each other to the ground. Their thunderous roars can be heard for miles in every direction.

Finally, Gwangi bites viciously into the exposed neck of the other beast, killing him. He now turns his angry attention to the pitiful humans looking on in awe at the gruesome spectacle from their precarious perch. Tuck and friends light torches and toss them at Gwangi to divert the following beast until they can reach their horses and ride to safety. Through the billowing clouds of smoke, Gwangi manages to continue tracking them as T.J., Tuck and the others make a mad dash for the opening of the valley.

The humans speed through the opening and fortunately for them the space is too narrow to allow for the passage of the huge dinosaur. As Gwangi attempts to force his way through, he crashes and is hit by rocks and falling debris that promptly render the behemoth unconscious.

Champ goes over to examine the stunned dinosaur.

"Forget about that little horn," he announces, "now we've got us a real main attraction!"

T.J. gives Champ a doubtful look.

"I don't know if we should take something like this back with us," she says.

"Are you kidding?" exclaims Champ. "This will make us a fortune!"

And so a huge cart was constructed to carry the fallen Gwangi back to the wild west show.

A FRIGHT AT THE CIRCUS

The capture of Gwangi received a lot of publicity and a big crowd was on hand on the fateful opening day of T.J.'s show. Practically everyone in the village was there, including the gypsies who knew what the consequences would be if Gwangi was not set free. To ensure their prophesy, one of the gypsies—just as Gwangi is about to be released to the crowd—makes though and opens his cage. In a blaze of pure terror, Gwangi bursts loose as cries of fear erupt from the converging crowd.

The monster wreaks havoc at the circus, destroying everything in sight. A loyal elephant leavely engulfs the beast in mortal combat, but he is no match for the rampaging dinosaur and is killed instantly. Gwangi cuts a wide path of horror before him, crushing chaos in the town by smashing houses and crushing buildings with his deadly feet and paws. The inhabitants flee to the hills in terror

as Gwangi continues his orgy of violent revenge.

Some of the townspeople, along with Tuck, T.J. and Lope, take refuge in an old cathedral. Before long, however, Gwangi's tremendous strength enables him to crash through the bolted doors and make his way inside. As the people start running out the back way, Tuck grabs a barrel and throws it at Gwangi, placing the monster's thick skull. While the huge beast writhes in pain, Tuck takes a burning torch and hoves it at the monster, setting both the cathedral and Gwangi on fire. Tuck, T.J., Lope, and the rest make their way out safely, just as the walls begin collapsing, consuming the awestruck Gwangi in the bright, deadly flames!

Outside the smoldering ruins of what once had been the stately cathedral, T.J. and Tuck stood staring at the spectacle, safe in the knowledge that the village and its people would be bothered no more by the terror and havoc spawned by the Valley of Gwangi.



After breaking free of his bonds, GWANGI begins to push a fire barrel with the local produce ... oh yes, in fact, the townspeople worry for the safety of the village's sturdiest structure, the old cathedral, but GWANGI is getting on there.



GWANGI and Tuck over a head on wreck the church, but Tuck is quicker than his adversary. Swiftly, he grabs a lance and with it penetrates the beast's skull. Then, turning tails in hand, he sets fire to the old cathedral and GWANGI howls, and the monster is consumed by the raging flames.

JAMES FRANCISCUS Tuck Kirby
GILA GOLAN T.J. Bruckstadt
RICHARD CARLSON Chase Connors
LAURENCE NAUSMITH Professor Stanley
FREDIA JACKSON The Jones
GUSTAVO ROAD Carlos Des Ores
GENNIS KILGANE Wendy
MARIO DE BARRIS Ben
CURTIS ARDEN Lope

Produced by Charles H. Scherer. Screened by James O'Connell. Screenplay by William E. East. Associate Producer and Creator of Visual Effects-Ray Harryhausen. Music Composed and Conducted by Jerome Moross. Filmed in Cinemascope. Color by Technicolor. A Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Production.

THE HISTORY OF HARRYHAUSEN

The work of Ray Harryhausen, amateur producer and creator of visual effects on THE VALLEY OF GWANGI, is well known and widely admired by fantasy film fans everywhere. In addition to GWANGI, animation expert Harryhausen was the man behind the monster in MIGHTY JOE YOUNG to appear in the next issue of TMT, by the way, BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, MYSTIC ISLAND, THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and JAGGERS THE ARGONAUTS, among many others.

Born in Los Angeles, Ray apparently received his initial inspiration from viewing KING KONG the special effects in that film really knocked him out and he decided then and there that special

animation would be his too as well. At City College and USC, Ray studied photography, chemistry, sculpture and art direction and landed his first film job shortly after graduation, working on George Pal's animated "Popeye".

After a service stint during World War II, Ray worked under monster master Willis O'Brien on the production of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG before being put in charge of special visual effects on his next film, THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS. Along with producer Charles H. Scherer, Harryhausen developed the Dyalation process used in THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, shot in 3mm ... as was GWANGI. Ray now lives in Lodi with his third wife and young daughter. As the saying goes, behind every successful monster is a man ... and very often his name is Ray Harryhausen.

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